

THREE INTERVIEWS WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

IF it is true that the impression made on the public mind by really great men deepens with the lapse of time, then must Abraham Lincoln have possessed attributes of greatness; for, in spite of the confusion in our national affairs, and the absorbing interest excited by those of Europe during the interval since his death, the respect and admiration of the world for his memory have steadily increased. As the illusions of prejudice disappear, and his intellectual and moral traits become more clearly perceptible, men reflect on his character as a study, and linger with increasing interest over the records of his life. The grade which his fame shall permanently reach it is yet too early to determine, with the incomplete and undigested contemporary information yet obtained; but there is an increasing recognition by the public of his remarkable powers, and an appetite for all information that illustrates their quality.

Lately a biography of him has appeared, more complete than it falls to the lot of most eminent men to possess, and largely filled with private and personal details. Purporting to be written by an intimate and life-long friend, and showing proofs of great industry, this book has yet failed to satisfy the thinking public with its analysis of his character. Colonel Lamon is a politician, and a man who made the gift of privileges to himself the price of his friendship during Mr. Lincoln's incumbency of his high office; and it seems to many who read the biography that he has shed upon its subject the light of his own personality, and formed his moral estimate far lower than the rigor of truth requires. If the biographer's view of his friend's character is correct, Mr. Lincoln has been misjudged by his countrymen, and his death was not the national calamity that we have all felt it to be.

At any rate there is an eager inquiry for more knowledge about the man whose life was so wonderful in its transitions and achievements, and whose history is so interwoven with that of the republic at its most critical period. This belief has led the writer to recall some recollections which he has never before written out, and which aided him materially in judging of Mr. Lincoln as a *military strategist*, as a *diplomatist*, and as a *politician*. I cannot claim to have been his personal friend, and scarcely an acquaintance—never having seen him till after he became President, and then only on three occasions. These interviews, however, were such as to impress me deeply with the power of the mind with which I was thus brought in contact; and if the judgment I then formed has any value whatever, perhaps that value is the greater because of this very lack of previous acquaintance, and of personal bias in forming my opinion.

These explanations seemed necessary to a proper understanding of what is to follow.

I.

My first interview with Mr. Lincoln was early in January, 1863. It was a season of deep depression in loyal Washington circles, owing to recent reverses of the Union arms. We had well-nigh forgotten the splendors of Grant's early campaigns, in our impatience with the slowness of his later operations;

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we had lost faith in McClellan, finally, after the escape of Lee back into Virginia, out of our very clutches at Antietam; and the dismal December that brought us the cruel disaster at Fredericksburg had closed feverishly with the beginning of a great battle in Tennessee, the details of which the public found it impossible to obtain. The new year opened with a feeling of wild anxiety in regard to the fate of Rosecrans and his army in the encounter we knew he had forced with Bragg on the banks of Stone river. Since it had gallantly marched forth from Nashville to meet the advancing enemy, the Army of the Cumberland had been the immediate subject of our hopes and fears; and though the Government had permitted us to know that the hostile hosts had sustained the first shock of an encounter, it had, beyond this pregnant announcement, maintained an impenetrable and ominous silence. Sunday, January 4, was a day of intense solicitude to the public, as it was morally certain that the great battle had then been fought to the end; and on the evening of that day, moved by special motives, and using influences not necessary to be named, I obtained an interview with the President for the purpose of ascertaining as much as possible of the truth.

I was accompanied by one of his personal friends; and when we entered the well-known reception-room a very tall, lanky man came quickly forward to meet us. His manner seemed to me the perfection of courtesy. I was struck with the simplicity, kindness, and dignity of his deportment, so different from the clownish manners with which it was then customary to invest him. His face was a pleasant surprise, formed as my expectations had been from the poor photographs then in vogue, and the general belief in his ugliness. I remember thinking how much better-looking he was than I had anticipated, and wondering that any one should consider him ugly.

His expression was grave and careworn, but still enlivened with a cheerfulness that gave me instant hope. After a brief interchange of commonplaces, I stated my precise errand, and could scarcely credit my senses when he told me that the Government was no better informed than the public in regard to the result at Stone river. I was prepared for any answer but this; for good news or bad news, or a refusal to give any answer at all; for anything but ignorance. It did not seem possible that a contest of the magnitude of this could have raged for days in a region of railways and telegraphs, and the Government be uninformed as to the issue.

Mr. Lincoln, however, proceeded at once to express his belief that our forces had won a decisive victory. His mere assertion seemed to me of but slight importance—so shaken had my confidence been in Federal success, and so accustomed had I become to the sanguine auguries of officials, generally contradicted by the event. I suppose he noticed this incredulity, for he at once undertook to give the reasons for his faith. With surprising readiness, he entered on a description of the situation, giving the numbers of the contending armies, their movements previous to the beginning of the battle, and the general strategical purposes which should govern them both. Taking from the wall a large map of the United States, and laying it on the table, he pointed out with his long finger the geographical features of the vicinity, clearly describing the various movements so far as known, reasoning rigidly from step to step, and creating a chain of probabilities too strong for serious dispute. His apparent knowledge of military science, and his familiarity with the special features of the present campaign, were surprising in a man who had been all his life a civilian, engrossed with politics and the practice of the

law, and whose attention must necessarily be so much occupied with the perplexing detail of duties incident to his position. The fact once comprehended that he had profoundly studied the war in its military aspect, the less astonishing though not less admirable was the logic in which he involved his facts, arguing steadily on to the hopeful conclusion which he had announced at the outset.

It is beyond my power of recollection to recall any part of his argument. I only know that he made a demonstration that justified his hopes, and which filled me with a confidence equal to his own, and excited admiration of an intellectual power so different from any which I had supposed him to possess. It was clear that he made the various campaigns of the war a subject of profound and intelligent study, forming opinions thereon as positive and clear as those he held in regard to civil affairs.

When I left him it was with a cheerfulness quite in contrast with the anxiety I had felt before. The news of the next day fully verified the correctness of his judgment by giving us the most decisive announcement of the brilliant and complete success of the Army of the Cumberland, in spite of the many and almost fatal misfortunes which had attended the early stages of the battle.

II.

My next interview was several weeks later, and with a very different purpose. General Sherman, then commanding a division in the West, under General Grant, had taken extreme measures against a newspaper correspondent at his headquarters, and had procured his arrest and trial by a court-martial, and his banishment beyond the army lines. It was generally felt that the proceeding was harsh and unjust; and several prominent officers having represented that the alleged offence was technical, a memorial asking the President to set aside the sentence was prepared and generally signed by the journalists in Washington. A Sunday evening was selected for the presentation of this memorial, and I was invited by the gentleman having it in charge to accompany him to the Executive Mansion for that purpose. We were three persons in all, the third being a member of the House of Representatives, and we had the good fortune to find the President alone—a general and a Congressman having just left him—and quite well disposed toward the request which we preferred.

After presenting the memorial, its bearer entered into a detailed history of the case, showing its injustice and inexpediency. Mr. Lincoln evidently considered it a delicate question, and was disposed to give it a careful investigation. He was resolved, I think, to conciliate the press, and equally resolved not to absolutely annul the action of the military authorities. The precise thing which he was willing to do did not appear till after a prolonged discussion, in which he participated with patient interest. My friend asked that he positively restore to the injured correspondent his lost privileges; while the President, not absolutely refusing at first, endeavored to satisfy us with a recommendation to General Grant to himself remit the sentence. But my friend believed that General Grant would stand stubbornly by the action of General Sherman, unless the President gave his wishes the force of an actual order. The discussion was long and animated. My friend was a master of argument and persuasion, and inspired by a warm personal regard for the banished cor-

respondent; and Mr. Lincoln seemed bent on some expedient that would measurably satisfy both parties. At times I thought our point substantially gained; but on defining the exact terms of any proposed arrangement, there was always in the end a reference of the case to the judgment of General Grant. Seeming to concede much, we finally found that he conceded nothing at all. Many ingenious expedients were proposed and rejected; and I was quite entertained by the display of diplomatic skill of which I had unexpectedly become a witness; for I had very little part in the conversation, but listened with great interest to the discussion going on. Mr. Lincoln's manner was all consideration and kindness and sympathy; but these concealed a firmness that seemed immovable.

At length, while walking about the room, which he did a good deal, he exclaimed:

"Well, you want me to make an order setting aside the action of the court. I wish to do what is right, and what you ask; for it seems to me, from all the evidence, that our newspaper friend has been a little too severely dealt with. Still, I am not on the spot to judge of all the circumstances, and General Grant is; and I do not see how I can properly grant your request without being sustained by his consent. But let us see what we can do; I will write something to put our ideas into shape;" and with a pleasant laugh he began at once to search for paper and pen. He was aided in this effort by little "Tad," who was present—and, I must say, somewhat troublesome—and toward whom his father frequently manifested the most anxious and considerate affection. He found a piece of paper with some difficulty on the table (littered with documents lying in complete disorder), and a very poor pen, with which he at once set to work.

The draft which he made was quite satisfactory. It was brief, clear, and precise; it stated the case truly, revoked the sentence of the court, and gave the correspondent the privilege of returning to General Grant's headquarters. We were delighted with the document, and of course said so.

"But," said the President, "I had better make this conditional on the approval of General Grant. You see it would not seem right for me to send back a correspondent to the General's headquarters in case he knew of any reason why the man should not be there. I will just add a few words;" and so he did, making the order close as follows: "And to remain if General Grant shall give his express assent; and to again leave the department if General Grant shall refuse said assent."

"There," he remarked, "I think that will be about right, and I have no doubt General Grant will assent." And so he did.

It was useless to contend further with this firm but flexible will, which always gave you an impression that it was about to yield, but which when once resolved was absolutely immovable.

The document thus prepared was in fact a military order, and I wondered if he made any record of its existence. He had not called in the aid of any of his secretaries, and I afterward inquired of Mr. Nicolay if any record of it had been made. He said not, and was even ignorant of its existence; and added a feeling remark on the President's official habits, which were reckless of all order, and gave his secretaries no end of trouble.

This affair concluded, the President seemed disposed to prolong the interview. Our conversation took a military direction, and embraced the various movements being made or known to be in contemplation. Mr. Lincoln

seemed pleased to discuss the war; in fact the informal nature of our conversation was a relief to his mind, overworked and jaded as he was by all the cares, official and political, to which he was daily subjected. Presently he startled us by declaring that he saw no hope of success for any of the campaigns now being opened.

Having gone thus far, and seeing our surprise and perplexity, he seemed animated by a desire to justify his statement. Going to the wall, and again taking down the large map which he had pressed into service on the previous occasion, he proceeded to inform us, which we did not positively know before, that there were now three important movements being attempted by our forces toward points against which our efforts had previously proved unsuccessful. One of these, he said, was against Richmond, on the same general plan substantially attempted by Burnside; one against Charleston, from the sea, by the combined land and naval forces; and one against Vicksburg, by way of the Yazoo pass and the network of bayous and small streams by which the Mississippi is flanked, and through some of which it was hoped to transfer General Grant's forces to a point from which a successful assault might be made on that great stronghold, which had thus far defied our most determined attacks.

"And I cannot see how either of these plans can succeed," said he; and, forthwith throwing aside all reserve, and speaking with as much apparent frankness as though conversing with his confidential advisers, he freely criticised the conduct of the campaigns in question, going into all the details of a military argument, and logically demonstrated in advance that Grant would again be foiled in his strategy against Vicksburg, that Hooker would fail to reach Richmond, and that Du Pont and Hunter would be compelled to retire baffled from before Charleston. I do not now remember the reasons he gave for his judgment in regard to the two movements last named, but I recollect well his clear description of the narrow and winding water-courses through which Grant was endeavoring to conduct his gunboats, generally impassable for large craft, either through too high or too low water, and capable of fatal obstruction in the forests which they penetrate, by an enemy intimately acquainted with every feature of the country, and who had proved himself only too well informed of all our movements, and equally active and successful in opposing our progress into his own country.

It was known that Mr. Lincoln entertained military opinions quite independent of and often at variance with those of his advisers; and I had before had a striking proof of the correctness of his judgment. I confess, however, that I was as much astonished as disheartened by this unreserved condemnation of the conduct of the war on the part of the Government of which he was the head; and I scarcely knew whether I was most astonished by his remarkable frankness or annoyed at his convincing argument. I said:

"If you feel so confident of disaster in all these movements, Mr. President, why do you permit them to be made?"

"Because I cannot prevent it," he replied.

"But you are Commander-in-Chief," I rejoined.

"My dear sir," he replied, "I am as powerless as any private citizen to shape the military plans of the Government. I have my generals and my War Department, and my subordinates are supposed to be more capable than I am to decide what movements shall or shall not be undertaken. I have once or twice attempted to act on my own convictions, and found that it was impractical."

cable to do so. I see campaigns undertaken in which I have no faith, and have no power to prevent them; and I tell you that sometimes, when I reflect on the management of our forces, I am tempted to despair; my heart goes clear down into my boots!"

With this characteristic climax he practically closed the discussion. Rising from his chair he moved uneasily about the room, as though to shake off some feeling that oppressed him. Suddenly he seemed to realize that he had been speaking too freely.

"Of course, gentlemen," said he, "we are talking in confidence, and as friends. None of this must get into print, or be repeated."

We took our leave soon after, but I was long haunted with the recollection of what I had heard. My admiration for the man and his high moral and intellectual qualities was increased, and my confidence in our military chieftains, never very high previously, was proportionately diminished. As before, the events justified his prediction. Our attacking forces were beaten off from Charleston; the Army of the Potomac was hurled back upon the north at Chancellorsville; and Grant and Porter were completely baffled in their ill-judged experiment in the hostile swamps of the Mississippi, which they attempted to penetrate through streams too narrow to turn a gunboat in, and surrounded by a restless foe ever ready to exhaust all the means of impediment and destruction. And though Mr. Lincoln's opinions *may* have owed their correctness to accident, yet I could not resist a feeling that he had a strength of brain and soundness of judgment which measurably supplied the want of military training, and which fitted him better to plan campaigns than any of the professional soldiers to whose views he felt himself compelled to yield.

III.

My last interview was of a political nature, and occurred during the spring of 1864.

The great political question of the day was the approaching Presidential election. The friends of the various aspirants were at work ascertaining and shaping public sentiment, but no candidate had yet been actually put forward for the Republican nomination. The movement in favor of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, had culminated in disaster; that gentleman's chief supporters, including his Senatorial son-in-law, having manifested a plentiful lack of nerve or zeal, when the critical question became public of arraying him against his official chief, and made haste to take him at his word of declination, diplomatically spoken in order to rouse their flagging spirits. And yet Mr. Lincoln was not known as a candidate. It was believed that he would not decline a renomination, and his enemies affirmed that he was intriguing to procure one; but there was no jot of evidence before the public that he had given the subject a moment's thought. Yet so strong was his prestige with the people, so greatly was his power of patronage feared by the politicians, and such was the awe of his personal ability which weighed on those trimming patriots who regard it as a point of conscience never to be committed to the losing side, that by a sort of consent the wire-pullers were all waiting to discover his purposes and wishes before committing themselves strongly to any competitor.

- It chanced at this time that a member of the Senate who claimed me as a

constituent was anxiously looking forward to his own reëlection, which was somewhat in peril. The Legislature which was to determine his destiny was to be elected at the same time with the President; and as he was a warm friend of Mr. Lincoln, with whom he had great influence, he had resolved to be one of the foremost champions for the renomination and reëlection of the latter, and to make common cause with him in his State, and thereby increase, as he thought, his own popularity and chances of success. The Senator had always flattered me with assurances that I had some influence in our State politics, and had used many and, thus far, unsuccessful means to attach me to his political fortunes. Hence, I was not greatly surprised when he came to me one day and invited a confidential conversation on national and State politics. I had no reason for refusing, and he proceeded to unfold a plan which had for its object the promotion of the interests of President Lincoln, of himself, and—flattering conjunction!—of the humble and unofficial individual who writes this chronicle. As both the other parties involved are dead, their ambitions cut short by the bullets and their schemings of no more account now than a last year's almanac, I violate no confidence in the vague sketch I am attempting.

The preliminary conditions of secrecy and good faith being settled, the Senator proceeded to develop his plans. Mr. Lincoln, he assured me, was and would continue to be a candidate for renomination, and on grounds of private friendship and of patriotism he, the Senator, was most anxious for his success. Of this he entertained very little doubt, believing that the President had a growing strength that would carry him over all obstacles both before the convention and at the polls in November. Having made up his mind to this effect, he was most anxious to carry for Mr. Lincoln our State, both to increase his own power as a Lincoln man therein, and to still further strengthen himself with the President during the second term. In fact, if the State could be thus carried, in convention and at the polls, the Senator assured me that a most influential position (naming it) awaited his acceptance in the new Cabinet; and, coming plumply to the point, he promised me then and there, if I would enter the canvass in our State for both candidates, to give me the choice of a high diplomatic position in Europe or an office in Washington, "in which [I quote his exact words] the present incumbent *says* he has made a million of dollars and has wronged nobody."

Notwithstanding my general humility of spirit, and an absence of strong aspiration for offices which either require more money than the salary to support them, as our foreign diplomatic ones do, or depend on a system of stealing to compensate the incumbent for the very arduous and responsible duties required, I was not quite overcome by the brilliancy of this proffer. Not to claim extraordinary philosophy or virtue, I will say that I had no very intense faith in political promises, and especially in those made by the gentleman with whom I was conversing. Neither did I desire to become his political supporter; and neither, for that matter, had I concluded that President Lincoln ought to be renominated. I had been a Chase man and had shared with a great many Republicans a profound dissatisfaction with the mode in which Mr. Lincoln had allowed the war to be conducted. Hence, when I saw the point towards which the purpose of the Senator tended, I began to seek some easy means of escape from the dilemma in which I was becoming involved. Therefore, not believing his statement in regard to his understanding with the President, I introduced, cunningly as I thought, a diplomatic hint that the ser-

vice he proposed to me was such as required me to learn from Mr. Lincoln himself that it would be acceptable, and to satisfy myself of the reality of the close relations existing between the two.

Much to my surprise, the Senator, after a little reflection, assented to my suggestion as being reasonable and proper. He promised me a private interview with Mr. Lincoln in a day or two, and, to my amazement, kept his promise. Of course I had no alternative but to keep on my part the appointment he had made for me, though with the distinct understanding that it should in no way commit me to any further action.

At the time appointed, therefore, the Senator took me to the White House, and ushered me formally into the executive presence. This done, and with a phrase or two of compliment, and without even seating himself, he retired with great dignity and in good order; leaving me to my fate, and content apparently with having stamped on my visit the seal of his Senatorial sanction.

Mr. Lincoln received me, as ever, kindly and courteously; but his manner was quite changed. It was not now the country about which his anxiety prevailed, but himself. There was an embarrassment about him which he could not quite conceal. I thought it proper to state in the outset (not knowing what the Senator might have said) that I wished simply to know whatever he was free to tell me in regard to his own willingness or unwillingness to accept a renomination, and also as to the extent to which the Senator was authorized to speak for him. The reply was a monologue of an hour's duration, and one that wholly absorbed me, as it seemed to absorb himself. There was very little for me to say, and I was only too willing to listen.

He remained seated nearly all the time. He was restless, often changing position and occasionally, in some intense moment, wheeling his body around in his chair and throwing a leg over the arm. This was the only grotesque thing I recollect about him; his voice and manner were very earnest, and he uttered no jokes and told no anecdotes.

He began by saying that, as yet, he was not a candidate for renomination. He distinctly denied that he was a party to any effort to that end, notwithstanding I knew that there were movements in his favor in all parts of the Northern States. These movements were, of course, without his prompting, as he positively assured me that with one or two exceptions he had scarcely conversed on the subject with his most intimate friends. He was not quite sure whether he desired a renomination. Such had been the responsibility of the office—so oppressive had he found its cares, so terrible its perplexities—that he felt as though the moment when he could relinquish the burden and retire to private life would be the sweetest he could possibly experience. But, he said, he would not deny that a reëlection would also have its gratification to his feelings. He did not seek it, nor would he do so; he did not desire it for any ambitious or selfish purpose; but, after the crisis the country was passing through under his Presidency, and the efforts he had made conscientiously to discharge the duties imposed upon him, it would be a very sweet satisfaction to him to know that he had secured the approval of his fellow citizens and earned the highest testimonial of confidence they could bestow.

This was the gist of the hour's monologue; and I believe he spoke sincerely. His voice, his manner, armed his modest and sensible words with a power of conviction. He seldom looked me in the face while he was talking; he seemed almost to be gazing into the future. I am sure it was not a pleasant thing for him to seem to be speaking in his own interest.

He furthermore assured me that the Senator had his full confidence, and that he should respect any proper promises the latter might make. For himself, he affirmed (gratuitously, for I had not said anything to lead in that direction) that he should make no promises of office to any one, as an inducement for support. If nominated and elected, he should be grateful to his friends, and consider that they had claims on him; but the interest of the country must always be first considered. Meantime, he supposed he should be a candidate; things seemed to be working in that direction; and if I could assist him and his friend the Senator in my State, he should not fail to remember the service with gratitude.

I think I may be justified in remembering my interview with this remarkable man as one of the most memorable of many impressive recollections. I voted for him with greater satisfaction for it, though I could not see my way clear to adopt the programme made by the Senator. I could not identify the two interests according to his wish, without a violation of conscience and consistency, which I valued more than I did the prospective rewards with which he sought to dazzle my feeble eyes. To him I excused myself as delicately as I was able; thanking him in my heart only for the glimpse he had enabled me to get of a loftier nature and greater intellect than often rises into view in our muddy politics.

J. M. WINCHELL.

VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

O THE visions that the night brings !
 O the fluttering of white wings,
 O benignant eyes and beautiful that down upon us bend !
 O the hum of happy voices,
 O the glad throng that rejoices,
 When the visions of the midnight bring the absent friend to friend
 O the dainty feet that find me,
 O the dimpled arms that bind me,
 Of the little love that softly from the star-land comes to me !
 O the gladness, past revealing,
 Filling soul and heart and feeling,
 When upon my yearning bosom she is sleeping peacefully !

Ah, how sweet to know this dreaming
 Is a glimpse, a twilight gleaming,
 Of the beauty and the glory of the heaven we adore ;
 And the faces which behold us,
 And the arms that fondly fold us,
 Are the faces and embraces of the loved ones gone before.

O the comfort that the night brings !
 O the fluttering of white wings,
 O benignant eyes and beautiful that down upon us bend !
 O the hum of happy voices,
 O the glad throng that rejoices,
 When the visions of the midnight bring the absent friend to friend !

KATE M. SHERWOOD.

LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

BEFORE proceeding to narrate the incidents of the pursuit which led us to the battle of the Washita, I will refer to the completion of our hasty preparations to detach ourselves from the encumbrance of our immense wagon train. In the last chapter it has been seen that the train was to be left behind under the protection of an officer and eighty cavalrymen, with orders to push after us, following our trail in the snow as rapidly as the teams could move. Where or when it would again join us no one could foretell; in all probability, however, not until the pursuit had terminated and we had met and vanquished our savage foes, or had been defeated by them. Under existing orders the guard for the protection of our train was each day under the command of the officer of the day, the tour of duty of the latter continuing twenty-four hours, beginning in the morning. On that day the duties of officer of the day fell in regular routine upon Captain Louis McLane Hamilton, Seventh Cavalry, a grandson of Alexander Hamilton. Of course this detail would require him to remain behind with the train while his squadron, one of the finest in the command, would move forward to battle under charge of another. To a soldier of Hamilton's pride and ambition, to be left behind in this inglorious manner was galling in the extreme. He foresaw the situation at once, and the moment that intelligence of the proposed movement reached him he came galloping up from the rear in search of me. I was busily engaged at the time superintending the hurried arrangements for commencing the pursuit. Coming up to me, with a countenance depicting the most earnest anxiety, his first words were to frame an inquiry as to whether I intended him to remain behind. Fully appreciating his anxious desire to share with his comrades the perils of the approaching conflict, and yet unable to substitute, without injustice, another officer for him unless with the consent of the former, I could not give him the encouragement he desired. The moment that the plans for pursuit were being formed, I remembered that the accidents of service were to deprive the pursuing column of the presence and aid of one whose assistance in such an emergency could always be confidently relied upon. Some of his brother officers had bethought themselves of the same, and at once came to me with the remark that "we ought to have Hamilton with us." My only reply was that while my desires were all one way my duty prescribed that Hamilton should remain with the guard and train, it being his detail, and it also being necessary that some officer should remain upon this important duty. I answered his repeated request, that while I desired him in command of his squadron, particularly ~~then~~ of all times, I was powerless to have it so without being unjust to some other officer. While forced to admit this to be true, he added, "It seems hard that I must remain." Finally I said to him that all I could do would be to allow him to get some other officer to willingly take his place with the train, adding that some officer might be found in the command who, from indisposition or other causes, did not feel able to undertake a rapid and tiresome pursuit such as we would probably have, and under such circumstances I would gladly order the change. He at once departed in search of some one who would assume his duties with the train and leave him free to resume his post at the head of his splendid